

Cosmic Space Poetry : Draft Book

(Poems Sent into Outer Space & the Astral Realm)

- Brian Edwards

2024 - 2025

1.

This evening
I fought a battle
against the crappiness
of this day
it was hopeless
before it even started
and I knew this
but went ahead
and charged
into the fray anyway
and by the end
of it all
the crappiness
of this day
remained
and I was utterly
demoralized
but for that short time
that very brief time
while I was fighting
I felt a bit of exuberance
I saw a ray of light
in my own defiance
of it all

- 11/26/2024

2.

And I wouldn't have
believed it myself
but there it was
the crows were out there
devouring the night
making it all
that much darker
tearing down the stars
slicing up the Moon
like it was
a grapefruit
the mind believes
what the eyes see
and there it was
but all in all
the world didn't seem
that changed
the trains and the buses
still ran on time
and my boss
was still at home
probably still asleep
dreaming of those
long Saturday hours
at the job
yet to be
for us both

- 11/26/2024

3.

It was a false rain
just a little tease
just enough
to get your shoes wet
a little
it didn't last
and now the drought
the dry time
continues on
and last weekend
I went down
to one of my favorite spots
to go out early
and watch the sunrise
its deep in a forest
where a river
runs through
at this one
little bend
the way the sunlight
shines through the trees
in the morning
the way the light
hits the river
the rising mist
it's like beholding
a scene of ethereal paradise
but this past weekend
the river was mostly dry
the sunlight fell short
touching mostly mud
and my lovely scene
of paradise
was but a memory
in this time of drought

- 11/26/2024

4.

Waking up
upon the Earth
of the caterpillar
going outside
into the fog
of a century's amnesia
looking for the wine
that will give me
the night's blessing
I can't endure it
like I once did
nor should I try
all around me
I see pillars of salt
they shouldn't have
looked back
but I understand the temptation
when we want to know
that something is real
we often throw caution
to the wind
or we're just fools
and love to proclaim it

- 11/27/2024

5.

The cycle just seems
to go on and on
I feel I am wandering
alone in a desert
even though
I am far away from one
yet I surmise
that this desert
can assume many forms
appear to me
in many different ways
after all.... in a sense
it is a desert of feeling
a desert
that expands outward
from what lies within
and the cycle
of it all
just seems to go on endlessly
as the morning traffic
fills the streets
every one heading after
what the big show
makes them see
and believe

- 11/27/2024

6.

Little whispers
from the shadows rise
like tarantulas
like tidal waves
they rise and seek
to instill in me
a sense of numbness
when my senses are dulled
when I feel
so very little
when the whispers
drop little words
of discouragement
into my soul
when my alliance
with the flower fails
when the black crows
gather on the balcony
and they whisper
and their whispers
rise into the sky
like a starburst
of ill omens

- 11/27/2024

7.

The candles and mist
carry my thoughts away
the old grandfather clock
its mechanical motions
and sounds
full of alchemy
alchemy of a bygone age
the motions
the sounds
the certain chimes
at certain appointed hours
reveals the philosopher's stone
to the one who is astute
the one who is receiving
and perceiving
the currents that are hidden
in the ethereal air
the old grandfather clock
is more than a keepsake
it is a ladder
it is a beacon
a lighthouse
at the edge of a sea
an invisible sea
that surrounds you
a sea where your dreams
drift away
and come back again

- 11/28/2024

8.

And it's a bitter dawn
cold
somethings
are starting to freeze
I'm starting to freeze
my aspirations
are now ice
and all the old
established
ways and means
of things
merely laugh
I'm reminded
of pleasant days
when I saw
a different path
in the road
but now
all of that is frozen
winter is here
time is not a friend
but a stalking
tax collector
and I just couldn't reach
the bright plateau
of the sunlit flowers
all that talk
of destiny
is full of false claims
and now
it's a bitter dawn
first ice of the year

- 11/30/2024

9.

Things are disappearing
into a fog of illusion
it is morning again
such a bright Sun
yet the land is cold
frigid
weeds and berries
anointed by the frost
what is here
is only here by chance
time only flows
like a stream
into obscurity
and then nothing
is seen
but for dim hues of light
whatever could
they signify
perhaps there is
something beyond
the obscurity
only not here
nowhere even close
to here

- 11/30/2024

10.

A red violet
has fallen from
the sky
upon the ashes
the dawn reveals
a sea of light
yet the world
with all of its industry
and melancholy
is approaching
horseshoe crabs
line the beach
not in any order
or with any purpose
something simply happened
that is all
and the world
of the sea
keeps moving
towards
the end of time

- 11/30/2024

11.

And now I have known it
such a monument
to the night's riddles
whispers
salutations
from that place
that lies within
the very edge
of shadows
now I have seen
from where the muses fly
that is
the ones with wings
anyway
candles and cauldrons
lights that glow
lights that are of
that essence of dream
I have known it
I have seen it
feathers of the peacock
minds of the mesmerist
now I have known
the rock cliff
at the edge
the edge of the world
down there
Sea of Artemis
with waves that are
musical.....hypnotic
tell us something
earthly vision
flower upon
a dried plateau
revealed
in a flash of lightning

- 12/1/2024

12.

I have heard the call
from the cauldron
in the winter forest
there in the glowing
residue of starlight
the night recedes back
celestial tides
these tides
the clockmaker knows well
I have heard
the whispers
from the cauldron
I see the glowing
of the embers
the sphere of air
that you perceive
is it for you alone
dark orchid
of a remembered name
journey with me
to the valley
where the dawn
never ends

- 12/1/2024

13.

Nine fathoms down
there lies
the window
to another world
as winter
blankets this cauldron
in snow
while nine fathoms down
there is something
which only the stars
know of
while around here
these wintry lanterns
cannot be lit
too much snow and ice
and siren songs
are heard over the radio
from fatal rocks
from a sea so far away
and now the chimes reverberate
the chimes become
immaculate flashes
while nine fathoms down
there is something there
that defies our knowledge
and an icy knowledge
and an icy wind
sweeps through the pine forest
and faint symphonies
are to be heard
if you listen attentively
for that amphitheater
found in the sound
of falling snow

- 12/1/2024

14.

As crows anoint
the dark skies
crowded streets
your laments
fall to the cracked asphalt
like raindrops
splatter into either
venom or dew
the gods of fate decide
and I'm walking about
through the land
of the fallen believer
and I'm going on
I'm holding on
while I can
though nothing
will be remembered of me
just passing through
in a time
in a place
in the big mystery
and we're changing
our own society
in existential ways
and witches still gather
around bonfires
in the dark forest
of the night
and in the crowded streets
you'll find neither solace
nor absolution
in the crowded streets
you might simply disappear
with a sense of vertigo
and the back alleys
lead to nowhere
and the Cosmos are bursting
with eternal fire and silence
and the gods of fate
are really something
other than gods
and the Moon shines down
upon a flower pot
on a balcony
in the big city

15.

I'm still waiting
for the world
to open the gates
of the radiant kingdom
and I find
that I don't have
much left
to muse about
a desert
is encroaching
upon this mind
tumbleweed
and empty bottles
and the nights
are getting colder
and whenever I have
those moments
of inspiration
it glows bright
like a candle
then eventually burns out
also like a candle

- 12/1/2024

16.

A night mist
that never dissipates for me
this is my curious omen
that follows me
through the days
and nights of this life
and still I do
hold the clear sight
of bright stars
in sacred reverence
and still I do
as an iris
of nether regions
grows outside my door
reaching for
a vision of the Sun
it knows by desire
and by night
I dwell in a candle's light
searching both the soul
and the mind
for an immaculate faith
to free me
from this ill-fated caravan
that wanders endlessly
through a desert of time

- 12/2/2024

17.

Tomorrow
I must rise
and get going
before the dawn
to feed the machine
or the machine
may throw me
into a sandpit
of monetary disarray
I must go out early
and drive down
darkened streets
I must feed the machine's
growing appetite
for my soul
I must breathe
the propagandized air
I must turn to the stars
for any kind
of imagined salvation

- 12/2/2024

18.

Within a kaleidoscopic maze
that's how it all
started for me
with very little left
to believe in
I could no longer
trust the radios
venomous voices
were spewing out of them
reality is a door
without a single key
the radios followed me
practically everywhere
at night I would sleep
in my bed
as radios of Hell
would hover above
I attempted to achieve
some semblance of salvation
but I discovered
that such a thing
could not possibly exist
in the world anymore
time clocks abandoned me
for my lack of moral clarity
how I wanted
to believe again
how I wanted
to sing of angels
how I wanted
to find myself
in golden cities
upon the morning clouds
yet the radios
would just laugh
with disdain
and eventually
I looked to the mirrors
so that I might
escape into the reflections
and so I did

19.

From the balconies
a fountain
of roses
and alchemy
from an illusion
grown
in a flower pot
time here
spins
like a pinwheel
and from
the iron bars
of the balcony
every enchanted
raven
sings sweetly

- 12/3/2024

20.

What are
your riddles to me
but riddles
of your
mirror's reflection
and how I have seen you
there beside
the candle
both glowing
impression of beauty
flower of an evening
cherished diamond
with a name
that is song

- 12/3/2024

21.

I have been forsaken
by the news media
by the politicians
I have been forsaken
by unknown drones
flying around
in the sky
I have been forsaken
by the institutions
of mankind
I have been forsaken
by my own memory
which keeps too much
and forgets too little
I have been both ridiculed
and anointed
in the cold Jersey rain
I have felt
the real presence
of what has gone before
and I have seen
the dawn
of what is still to be

- 12/5/2024

22.

I have been thrown
into a whirlwind
I cannot seem
to place my feet
upon stable ground
the bottom falls out
or the soil becomes
a horizon of serpents
I go to the cinema
I forget my money
can't get inside
I wander asphalt eternities
horseless carriages
are devouring the sod
daffodils still grow
in solitary places
I walk up a hill
down a hill
then into a maze
a labyrinth of
commercialized beckoning
I pull at the threads
of reality
I am called back
to the sea
by the mermaids
I have hallucinated
I go there
yet I only find
the seagulls scavenging

- 12/2/2024

23.

We walk
and we talk
wildly....ever on
ever on
towards the great
starburst
ever on
towards the great eruption
of living sensation
ever on wildly
we keep what
we keep
and we give way
to what we give way
onward
onward
we walk wildly
towards the bursting Sun
fountain of flame
light and mystery

-12/6/2024

24.

Now I am silent
when the hour
is an inferno
of misgivings
I have seen it there
just beyond the tree line
at dawn
the land where
dragons still breathe
I have been called back
my thoughts mingle
with a ripple
in the stream
I journeyed too far perhaps
as now I walk
in a dimming hour
when scarecrows
walk beside me
a solitary isle
of orchids
I have seen
there touched by
a light-beam of Venus

- 12/1/2024

25.

Let us pluck
these flowers
from the stars
let us adorn
our mantles
with them
for remembrance
that night
is an eternal sea
that the stars
go on for infinity
bright diamonds
all amidst
the great tapestry
let us pluck
these flowers
from the stars
at the sight of them
let us remember
and let us foresee
such new horizons
yet to glow in the east

- 12/7/2024

26.

I have listened
I have listened
to the choirs
of the stars
to the flute
that creates dreams
amidst the rings
of Saturn
I have listened
to the seraphim voices
to their songs
that fill the sky
I have listened
and I have seen
shores of light
a sea of infinity
revealed
for just a few moments
just a few moments
while watching
the sunrise
in the Pines

- 12/8/2024

27.

Through the window
a summer of breeze
of immortal time
the streetlights glowing
all of this
all that is this moment
is but a grain of sand
along the shores of time
the whispering
the whispering
from a tapestry that creates
what the eyes behold
the vines that seem
to grow forever
reaching for the clouds
immaculate night
awash in the glow
of the Moon
this dance of Luna
in her eyes to find
a vision of desert
a vision of the Nile

- 12/8/2024

28.

And the melody
drifts and drifts
upon a breeze
air of a century's electricity
cobblestone streets
that now hold
the essence of an age
rudimentary flowers
appearing in the dew
of windows
and Imost likely
would never have perceived
a time more astrological
than this
and now I am here
awaiting the symphony
of a plateau of ice
and I have been
deceived thrice
yet next time
I will immediately assume
it is a scarecrow's
enchanted riddle

- 12/8/2024

What if it was me
what if I'm to blame
for opening a door
a gateway
to another realm
and now everything
seems so insane
not meaning to do it
with intention
not even fully grasping
how it was done
what if I'm the one
that made it happen
who turned the key
in the locked door
and now mystery
is everywhere
consuming everything
the world
is all one vast maze
of confusion now
and I suspect
that I am the one
the fool
that changed it all

- 12/10/2024

30.

I am calling out
with my voice
searching with
the vision
of the sight
that lies within
looking to behold
the gardenias
that line
the gardens
of the Sun

- 12/12/2024

31.

Walking out
to the threshold
of the sea and stars
walking out
to the edges of the world
that I know
to the entrance
of another
that is a mystery to me
walking out
to the shore
to where the land meets
the water of creation
the Sun rising
over the sea
in these moments
that are connected
to all the moments
of sunrise
that have gone before

- 12/13/2024

32.

And I am
listening now
to the enchanted
radio transmitters
I am listening now
to the radio path
that has been
revealed before me
I am following
the radio path
walking along
the radio path
in my thoughts
in a kind of projection
I am following
the radio path
that will lead me
to the gardens
and the flowers
of the radio stars

- 12/14/2024

33.

I am listening
I am listening
to what the sea whispers
I am beholding
the canvas
that the sea
has painted
the lighthouse
that shines
a light that shines
across the ocean
that we see
in our dreams
I am listening
to the clouds
from above
the heavenly voices
touching the clouds
and the waves
as now I am here
and I behold
this canvas of the sea

- 12/15/2024

34.

The year
is coming to end
and I am standing at the edge
a high rocky cliff
I gaze down upon
the turbulent sea below
and will next year rage
like the sea before me
or will a calm take hold
and the waters be still
will the moonlight
kiss the flowers
in the fields
will the stars shine
a little brighter
will the planets sing to us
of distant memories
will sonnets
fall from the sky
like spring rain
will everything and everyone
awaken to a new dream

- 12/15/2024

35.

Only two more days
of work left
until vacation
and I sit here
this morning
just before the sunrise
watching the first glow
appear in the sky
to the east
that glow
that lovely
familiar glow
Helios is on his way
Helios my old friend
lets enjoy
a coffee and cigarette
together
we'll catch up
try and figure out
some of this crazy madness
going on out there
in the world
we'll make plans
to get together
one of these weekends
out to the lake
we both love so much
that special place
for both of us
to see the lake
early.... in the first glow
of your soul-fire
glowing Helios
old friend
let's make a plan of it
make it happen
just two more days left
then I'm on vacation
I'll be reaching out
soon my friend

- 12/17/2024

36.

Ithaca
Icarus
songs of the Moon
time in a bottle
a sage's hot air balloon
over Venice
music
symphony
sonata of the star ladder
up and up we climb
there amidst
the cosmic wind chimes
a soft blue ocean
a tulip of memory
let's go
let's see this through
a journey out beyond
the gateway to Atlantis

- 12/19/2024

37.

One thing
brightly aflame
does not necessarily
compel me to another
of equal brightness
but I take it
as I find it
just as mountains
underneath the sea
are way beyond
my line of sight
I take it
as I find it
the wondrous canvas here
of the sea
the lighthouse
the seagulls
circling around in the sky
has destiny
lit a candle
have we now
arrived at the beginning
of time being perceived
in a new way

- 12/20/2024

38.

I am now
as I always was
yet to myself
I appear different
reflected in a thousand mirrors
and at this precise
moment in time
I perceive the laments
of a thousand cities
of my world
I hear a thousand songs
rising to the sky
called forth
by the stars
I can feel
all of this isolation
melting away
like the harshness of winter
giving way
to the warmer air
and the sunlight
of the spring

- 12/21/2024

39.

Walking along
the shore
here in Jersey
I am listening
to the orchestras
the symphonies
that rise
from the crashing waves
I am walking
through Sun-gilded mirages
of the past
and of the future
I find an orchid
upon the sand
I hear a thousand whispers
the mermaids are near
as the ocean
is a kingdom of mystery
as I've known this
for a long time
coming out here
and walking along
the Jersey shore

- 12/24/2024

40.

I send these
little ponderings
out to the stars
sometimes my muse
seems like a goddess
sometimes like a sphinx
sometimes like
a minotaur
and I'm wandering
through this life
weathered by
the salty sea wind
I walk amidst
the seaweed and shells
I go forward
I go wandering
through this mist shrouded daydream
of the time clock
I go around
and gather up these moments
and these ponderings
I collect them in a jar
for when I'll send them
to the stars

- 12/24/2024

41.

And I'm going along
as I go along
and some days
it's like I'm dodging the boulders
rolling down
the mountainside
I'm going along
as I've always gone along
like a broken window
in an old
abandoned factory
feeling and reflecting
whatever sunlight
I'm able to reflect
not giving it up
as perhaps I should
longing for that sunlight
I want to reach
for the clouds
sleep upon the clouds
drifting on by
and have a few dreams
while I'm up there drifting

- 12/24/2024

42.

A fountain
of the starlight
pouring down
upon the dusty streets
and the wind
is howling
like a symphony
come on and
open your eyes
see all those stars
up in the sky
light a candle
and feel the warmth
see all of those flowers
in suburban gardens
reaching for Aquarius
set your sights
upon the Moon awhile
let that celestial glow
mesmerize you
with a dream

- 12/22/2024

43.

For a time
I had left this body
and soared
like a bird
in the eastern sky
just before
the rising of the Sun
I was blending
with the radiance
just appearing
over the sea
I was as one
who dances upon air
I was as one
who dances atop
the highest castle
I was as one
who seeks out
and finds tomorrow
before it has arisen
and revealed itself

- 12/22/2024

44.

Sea of the Moon's
pale light
where I often
receive these visions
that seem to crystallize
and sparkle
as I go about
in this world
of taxes and utility bills
of streets illuminated
by lanterns of wisdom
where cats prowl
on the great hunt
through the flames
of visionary truths
we lead our caravans
through the desert of time
and songs of oceans
fill my ears
and we must
keep on going with it
this journey
across the sea
of the pale Moon

- 12/25/2024

45.

Living in
the Minotaur's labyrinth
has its advantages
I've been told
but not too many
and it's Christmas morning
and the streets
are quiet at this hour
and it was
much colder last week
today is feeling fine so far
and I woke up
feeling a bit disoriented
and confused
but all of that
has been squared away
a little strong coffee
does the trick
as it often does
nectar of Olympus
flash of lighting
through the skies
of the foggy mind
it's all clearing up now
such sweet clarity
for this I rejoice

- 12/25/2024

Late night
quiet streets
cloudy skies
no Moon
no lovely stars
shining through
tonight
yet they will
they will again soon
and the Moon
the Moon
will be back again
full and bright
making the madmen madder
through the madness
of its light
some how
some way
not sure
we ever figured out
and the werewolves
will prowl
and the vampires
will hit the nightlife scene
in the great cities
both near and far
they will be back again soon
yet tonight
there's no Moon
to give off
such a pale glowing magic
the streets are quiet
only a few
neighborhood cats
stand watch at this hour
as guardians
of the realm

47.

I'm just out here
tonight
gathering some stardust
just because
I'm feeling
so awake to it all
and I'm looking back
on this year
that's about to end
this one
kicked me around
quite a lot
but here I am
still mostly standing
out there tonight
looking up at the stars
glad to see them
as always

- 12/25/2024

Some days
it feels like
time is a fog
that I wander into
losing my sense
of direction
I feel more in the past
than in the present
in this obscurity
I feel more in the light
than in the shadows
I am wandering on
towards a destination
that is unknown
to anyone
wandering through the fog
of these hours and days
voices call out to me
to come back
but I won't listen
their Achilles Heel
will never be mine
I will never allow
the hourglass
to be my master
I will climb mountains
cross deserts
sail across oceans
in an instantaneous moment
of sheer will power
I will find the key
to the gate
to the garden of nowhere
be content
and smile

49.

And I'm going
up there tonight
looking for flowers
on the Moon
enchanted by the pale light
I'll fly my dirigible up there
to Luna's enchanted seas
yes.... I'll be
going up there
looking for flowers
on the Moon
wandering around
in the craters
and the moon-dust
listening to
the violins
of eternity playing
leaving all of my troubles
behind me
I will be reborn
rejuvenated
I will awaken
to the new perspective
with my own eyes
I will see things
as I never
saw them before
up there among the flowers
Luna's vast
seas and plateaus
of flowers
in the pale
enchancing light

- 12/26/2024

50.

And I was
just listening
to the radios
of the Universe
playing the sonatas
of the stars
I was just imagining
the lunar pearls
to be found
in the Sea of Tranquility
I was just
down by the sea
picking up shells
and listening
to the sound
of the waves
on the other side
of the ocean

- 12/27/2024

51.

Listening
to the Universe
speaking through
a vision
the Sun bestows upon me
its blessings
and I open my eyes
and see
the bigger picture
as the harlequins dance
as the mariners
sail away
towards Ithaca
as Athena gives us
the cold stare
I will go
from street to street
city to city
listening
to the Universe
slugging through the days
content to feel
the warmth of the Sun

- 12/27/2024

52.

There are ships
of light
in the air
bringing the essence
of starlight
to us all
wondrous airborne mysteries
before our eyes
and now we pray
for a future
of countless sunny days

- 12/27/2024

53.

It's the hour
of the wasp
I know this
by the fiery hue
of the medieval
looking sky
and the valleys
and castles
will be ransacked
by mercenary legions
and dark smoke and ash
will rise
and be blown across
all creation
in the indifferent wind
and what an hour it is
the hour of the wasp
media figureheads
speaking anything
but the truth
stars falling
from the sky
heralding the return
of something
that most people
have forgotten
and it's an hour
to be humble
and an hour to repent
your wicked ways
the hour of the dove
will come along soon
and perhaps then
we'll find mercy
but for now
it's still
the hour of the wasp
when an avenging Sun
shines down with dark fire
upon the withering cornfields

- 12/27/2024

54.

And I'm dreaming
of the ocean
once again
and dreaming
of a sunrise
that will take place
over this ocean
approximately
one thousand years
from now
one thousand years
from this very place
this stretch of beach
here in New Jersey
one thousand years
from now
in the garden state
of New Jersey
on a lone stretch
of beach
a scene from a dream
will be realized
a dream I'm having
this very moment

- 12/28/2024

This morning
out on the balcony
with my coffee
whistling a little
communicating
with the birds
we have a bit
of small talk
we exchange greetings
and catch up
on some things
then they leave
to spread
their morning songs
their melodies
to other parts
of the neighborhood
and so the order
of things continues
as it has for centuries
the morning birds
sing to us
to bring a little solace
and inspiration
to our souls
and we can
speak with them
if we but take
a few moments
and we can thank them
and show them
appreciation
for bringing
a little melody
to the morning sky

- 12/28/2024

56.

Let us go
let us go now
and wander
toward the valley
where they say
a single flower
shines
shines with light
radiates light
they say its light
that is equivalent
to the light
given off by a small star
they say that
this single flower
of this particular valley
shines like a small star
so let us go on now
wandering towards
the valley that shines
towards the flower
that shines
with the light

- 12/28/2024

57.

Seeing something
within my mind
this I do experience
very often
a scene
a setting
almost like
a painted landscape
there it is
it just appears
suddenly
in my mind
it often
seems so real
sometimes I wish
I could escape
into these scenes
of my imagination
for often
they are so lovely
so vivid
scenes from another world
a different world
and the mind
is the gateway
the threshold
through which
we may enter

- 12/28/2024

58.

My car
is leaking oil
the mailbox
is full of bills
the washer
and dryer machines
appear broken
we don't know who
is running
the country anymore
I owe my sister
forty dollars
I don't have any pets
but wouldn't mind
having a cat
the country
is sinking in debt
each news media outlet
has a spin
they feed you
propaganda now
with breakfast
and the property taxes
went higher
inflation has become
such a commonly
used word
I wanted to
go down to the beach
early this morning
and catch the sunrise
but I overslept
no excuse there
I just wanted
to stay and hide
a little longer
in the dream

- 12/30/2024

It's a starry night
tonight
in the kingdom
of the sky
the muses
are out and about
topping off glasses
with absinthe
the government
doesn't know
what's up in the skies
but they tell us
we're seeing nothing
just stars and regular airplanes
and the neighborhood cats
are gathering
for a night hunt
and I'll be
going to sleep soon
I've already
encountered my muse
already danced
with the green fairy
wrote some lines down
about the UFOs
which the government says
are all explainable
normal
everyday
occurring things
as they seek
to sell us the farm
and the dust bowl
of their words
along with it

60.

Soon
my vacation
will be over
and it will be
back to the cycle
of the nine to five
work days
spinning
round and round
in the wheel
of this life
and the hourglass
can be
both a friend
and a foe
it will always
reveal itself to you
as both eventually
as the dragon's teeth
as the butterfly's wings
as the howl of the wolf
as the sparrow
that sings

- 12/31/2024

61.

The Full Moon
whispered to me
trying
to make me mad
it was
already too late
it's New Year's Eve
tonight
and this passing year
had already
done the job
quite well
give me
another one like that
and they'll have to
lock me away
the years now
have become
like broken statues
with switchblades
I miss how it was
when I was young
before I got
thrown into
the grind
but I am hopeful
for the new year
with what
little hope
I have left
which isn't much

- 12/31/2024

There is a time
for the truth
and a time
for the sea
to reveal its illusions
of land
where there is no land
it is land of illusion
it is land
that is illusion
and there is a time
for the desert
to reveal both
the truth
and the mirage
the oasis that is a mirage
and the mirage
that is an oasis
and there is a time
to believe more
in the illusion
and in the mirage
than what is claimed
to be truth
and it may
be the truth
that this time
is now

- 1/1/2025

63.

As now
the tide recedes
as the seagulls
soar above
waiting for a chance
to steal our peanuts
as the government
is drunk
on printing money
as machines
are always calculating
how much you owe
the system
in the dark of the night
as the owls
that once lived
around here
have all fled
to Pennsylvania
as the Moon
shines down magic
upon the ocean
as car stereos
blast the sky
as electricity
feeds the gadgets
that make us hypnotized
as now
the tide recedes
waiting to return
and bless the fishermen
with a good catch

- 1/2/2025

64.

I am okay
letting last year
disappear
into the fog of time
it wasn't
a pleasant one for me
though it had
its moments of joy
the day to day routine
of the nine to five job
took its toll
I don't know
exactly why
but last year
it was really
kicking me around
but there were also
some moments of joy
the grind of the routine
is a powerful thing
but it's not all powerful
it doesn't rule the world
or your life
in the world
at least not yet
you can still seek out
and grab
those shining moments
that are the brightest
of them all
when the night
seems darkest

- 1/2/2025

65.

Here I am
drifting through
the days of winter
counting immaculate stars
in the heavens
at night
teaching myself
to see through
the weavings of time
realizing that
the morning birds
can conjure such melodies
here I am
extracting the magical
essence of winter
from its cold winds
from its individual snowflakes
from a morning's frost
from a cold sunrise
in the pine forest

- 1/2/2025

Like a lighted candle
floating upon the sea
it all boils down
to a cruel game
of luck and chance
as I often go about
in search of the starlight
that never fades
as old prophecies
come true
as the world
is about to enter
the age
of this or that constellation
as smog obscures the heavens
as many cars
break down on the highway
for the last time
as we look for signs
hoping for a crumb
of truth
as we go on and on
slugging through
the wasteland
of taxes and inflation
as we wander
cities and deserts
looking for the most
convincing illusion
to restore our faith
in destiny

- 1/3/2025

67.

With cosmic HAM radio
I find my true
poetic soul
there at the edge
of the Atlantic
while beholding
the rebirth of Helios
over the blue sea
I unleash my imagination
into the sea-wind
up there soaring
with the seagulls
of New Jersey

- 1/3/2025

Listening
to the flowers
of the night
singing their serenades
as the winds howl
as the neighbor's
garbage cans
are blown down
the street
as stray cats
smirk with indifference
as poison ivy
is growing somewhere
close by
with malicious intent
as the Full Moon
is bringing out
the werewolves
as utility bills
sit unopened
in mailboxes
as someone
somewhere
longs for something
that has
already faded
in the hours
when broken streetlights
cast no illumination
I am listening
to the flowers
of the night

- 1/4/2025

69.

I'll send this poem
out to the stars
just to say hello
maybe someday
the stars will
say hello back
maybe we could
eventually
get a whole
conversation going
if we just said hello
to the stars
a little more often
than we do
if we look up
to the sky
a little more
and reach out
maybe we'll find
that the stars
were filled
with great conversationalist
great poets
great artist
musicians
philosophers
and the like
all along
maybe we should
get a conversation going
sooner rather than later
I'll do my own
little part here
as by the time
you read this poem
it'll already be
on it's way
to the stars
millions and millions
of miles from this
pale blue dot
of a planet
you call home

- 1/4/2024

70.

Listening to
immaculate star voices
celestial choir voices
singing of the great
cathedral of our sky
and the Moon
is glowing tonight
seen like a dream
that a dove
misplaced
upon a tree branch
with my binoculars
I look out
over the New Jersey sky
and behold
the visitors
the sky mariners
from another world

- 1/5/2025

71.

Remembering the days
that I would not remember
if given a choice
what can you do
when your own mind
is your nemesis
as I sit here alone tonight
hoping that each passing moment
replaces and does away with
ones that have gone before
back then I tried
to change the passage of time
with alcohol
which brought on
its own troubles
these days I just try
to brace myself
lean into it
and let time hit me
like a cold wind
what else is there
for me to do
the Sun is not
getting any brighter
the omens once spoken
still drift through the air
in dark forest
and all of those faces
all of those names
I once knew
they to have drifted away
but time has left
the memories
and the vines
just keep growing
never having been cleared out
they are a symbol
of time devouring everything
eventually

- 1/6/2025

72.

I have been waiting
many years
for that glowing light
of an epiphany
to find me
and perhaps
to amuse the gods of fate
I found it one day
when I felt the most
lost
crazy
broken
in that despair
the light hit me
like the presence
of an angel

- 1/7/2025

I was not about
to say anything
but just stare into
the forest for awhile
into the morning mist
here at sunrise
to walk into the mist
and disappear
when it disappears
and I can offer
little explanation
the mist has called to me
and I heed the call
in my life
I have arrived
at a crossroad
and this is the road
that I choose
wherever it takes me
wherever that is
I am content
with the road
I have chosen
I will vanish
just as
the new day awakens
whether I end up
in a field somewhere
in ancient Greece
or upon some other world
orbiting a different star
I have chosen
to vanish with
the morning mist
as it vanishes
from this world
in the hour of the dawn

- 1/8/2025

A nightingale speaks
I listen..... I listen
of mythology I hear
of constellations
burning in the night
like oil lamps
now those celestial
bright jewels
reflected upon the ocean
the sea has its own
mythology to tell
in the sound
of the breaking waves
through the sound
seek it out
not just with your ears
but with your soul
there by the dim
dark night sea
Atlantic night..... night
celestial
be the dreamer
that drifts like a reed
be the dreamer
be the voice
whose echo is heard
through the seashells

-1/9/2025

Moonlight
pale and infinite
as you are
indeed eternal
I have seen and felt
your light
pouring like a fountain
upon this world
that sadly
does not see you
does not feel you
celestial glow of memory
sadly this world forgets
when it's convenient
to forget
though I will always
remember
the pale illumination
from above
when I saw you
when I felt you
on those many distant nights
when in love
and when drifting in despair

- 1/10/2025

76.

This winter
I have seen them often
just after twilight
the night ships
in flight
up in the sky
over New Jersey
wonder is once again
finding a place
in our out of the way
backwater world

- 1/11/2024

77.

Give us
this hour's
bright illusion
glowing like a star
fallen to the Earth
and the winged ones
will hover above
and how we may dream
for as long as we wish
as long as there is still
a wish to dream
and the brighter
tonight's dream
the brighter tomorrow's dream
and soon
may we pluck the stars
out of the sky
like orchids in the night

- 1/11/2025

78.

I am listening
to the music
emanating from
the coral palace of tears
I have never heard
this music before
yet my soul somehow
recognizes every note
and I have built
the foundation
of so many
of my years
upon a faded memory
from so long ago
I wished to create
a palace of diamonds and joy
yet a coral palace of tears
is what destiny
brought forth
along with such a music
that reaches for
the broken heart

- 1/11/2025

Midlife Crisis : 2025

When I awoke
this morning
I felt as if
I were back
in high school again
even though
I had been out
for thirty years
the trickery of mirrors
the cruelty
of the midlife crisis
I can hardly remember
two weeks ago
but now all of a sudden
I can remember
what happened in high school
thirty years ago
as if it happened yesterday
cruelty of mirrors
trickery
of the midlife crisis
my own subconscious mind
is a self-saboteur
and where is
my high school sweetheart
that threw me
to the dustbin
by all reason and logic
this occurred
thirty years ago
yet today..... for me
in how my mind is thinking
it happened just yesterday
and my heart
is broken once again
I look into the mirror
and beg for mercy
there is none
the cruelty of mirrors
the cruelty
of the midlife crisis

- 1/12/2025

80.

Yes..... listen to me
do not dwell upon anything
that is not real
that is
not measured by
its weight in alchemy
anything not born of
conjured..... devised
across..... near
close by.....
a candle's flame
listening to music
of forgotten gods
let us go forward
let us believe
let us believe in something
that believes in us
when we believe
in ourselves
we can seize
the twilight's beauty

- 1/12/2025

81.

Dark Forest :

Planting these
into the soil
as if they were seeds
these sonnets
that have never
done me any good
maybe they'll grow
into tall trees someday
where crows will gather
maybe a dark forest
will here be born
take them from my sight
these words
that were once
my own devotions of love
maybe someday
they will gather
an empire of termites
devour the dark forest
conquer the world
and enslave us all
with the fiery words
of my sonnets
still shining
from their termite eyes

- 1/12/2025

82.

When I am at the office
the office clock seems
to swing like a pendulum
each swing
taking a little more
time away
my time
the time that
I am in the world
the time that I could
be somewhere else
experiencing truer moments
the office clock
takes that time from me
steals that time from me
simply because
in our world
in current age
that's just
the way it is
each work day
to face an inquisition
of the clock

- 1/15/2025

83.

Little particles of dust
in the sunlight
shining through
the window
are as little stars
in my daydream
about nothing
and so I seek
to be absolved of all
that I have left unfinished
and join them
in their galaxy of air

- 1/15/2025

84.

I have
for too long remembered
somethings
things that I would gladly
cut loose
leave adrift
things like pages
in the notebook
of my memory
my life
I would gladly
tear them out
and cast them
to the sea
there may they
drift
sink
or dissolve
into nothing
it is the choice
of the goddess of fate

- 1/17/2025

85.

I am waiting
I am waiting
for the first snowflake
to touch the ground
when it does
it shall be
both loud
and quiet
loud to those
who are waiting
who know the music
and the harmony
of the sky
sometimes
through sound
they can sense
when a snowflake
touches the ground
it is like
the sudden
clear notes
of a clarinet
dancing across
cold winter sky

- 1/17/2025

86.

Touching
the infinite void
with our thoughts
reverberates
sending radio echoes
back to us
there is something there
faintly
distantly
hidden yet there
something
that appears
in the sparks
in the fires
of our imagination
reflections
in mirrors of time
reflections
of stars
upon the waves

- 1/16/2025

87.

What can we say
to the night
its stars sing to us
of jewels that lie
in other kingdoms
what can we speak
to the ears of Orion
shall we ask him
of a comet's voyage
shall we ask him
of nebula
that in his belt
glows with creation
will we ever catch a glimpse
of Andromeda's secrets
will there be much to say
when the seasons change
will there be
a harvest of words
for us to send
through our radios
out there to worlds
yet to be revealed

- 1/16/2025

88.

I myself have seen
poems cast
into the ocean
and how they dissolve
into water and salt
how they mingle
with the vast memory
of an entire ocean
swept up by the currents
that traverse the globe
until that time
that they may be
brought up once again
to be made
into new poems
that will always then
keep a little essence
of water and salt

- 1/19/2025

89.

Now I know
the sight of it
the valley of candles
the essence
the memories
of centuries
of illuminated nights
dark rooms made brighter
dark corridors and labyrinths
given a sprinkling
of that which
the stars shine
words that could not
be spoken
time moved forward
progress moved forward
whether in the right direction
or the wrong
who is to say
except perhaps
for the prophets
which so many
blindly dismiss
outright
in this present day

-1/19/2025

The world turns
and there are many
that speak
of reptiles and sage
of illuminated mornings
giving us a glimpse
of the great
coral reef of the sky
and I have known
a little bit of why
yet will never
know it all
the world turns
the world spins
the world goes by
and many windows
remain shut
many hours pass
full of Delphic truths
yet can anyone
see this anymore
is there anyone left
that can look
beyond the curtain
of the sky
as we try
and gaze across the bridge
in the foggy hour
when the bells of Athena
ring in the mild breeze
we listen
and are very pleased to hear
such sound and music
that has been a part
of our souls
since we opened our eyes

I have seen
the crimson sky
full of ravens
circling a giant candelabra
made out of
metallic radio instruments
this scene
I am beholding
it is along
the Jersey coastline
I recognize that
I am here
yet I'm not sure
if it is
someone else's dream
or my own
things get blurry
sometimes
lines of measure
and demarkation
mingle and blend
in the glaring
light of stars
from other dimensions
clocks moving backwards
then forward
then back to the beginning
the ravens have brought
with them
the blooms of flowers
from across the Atlantic
England I believe
and so they add
a bit of magic

This winter
has been a cold one
with cold winds
blowing off the sea
I have been there
sitting along the shore
waiting for Apollo
to emerge from the zenith
upon his chariot
with radiance and flames
and all that bright
power of the Sun
I have been out there
in the cold
many times
waiting for Apollo
waiting for
the Rosicrucians
to invite me over for tea
waiting for the seagulls
to realize
I can give them nothing

- 1/18/2025

I see you
I see your image appear
like vapor of winter
rising from
the cold stream
rising from the floor
of the quiet forest
how I have waited
for this hour
knowing that
my courage would falter
you appear
as the night
upon the tip
of a blade of grass
how I have waited
realizing for so long
the futility
of avoiding the path
that has brought me
face to face
with this hour

- 1/22/2025

I saw the mid-day Sun
shining luminous
blasting out radio waves
that echoed off
the tin abodes
and when night falls
it will bring with it
the flux and vertigo
of excessive artificial
light and time
when I'm not even thinking
of anything
even remotely esoteric
when the casbahs glow
with the flower
when the Moon electrified
shines through
into the dream-state
when we all have heard
the prophecy
from the street vendor
and we choose to ignore it
for we see
no other way

- 1/21/2025

Tonight
the land is quiet
may it remain quiet
may the Full Moon
not deceive the crows
into conjuring Hades
may the serpents
not believe
that we are feasting
when we are not feasting
may the night be quiet
may the night remain quiet
may we not hear
the blowing of the horns
and behold
the Valkyries descending
may we never see
our villages burning
the harvest trampled
under steel and rubber
may we not
block out the stars
with smoke and ashes
may the night be quiet
across the land
tonight

Some nights
I pass the hours
searching for the words
the words
that are like sparks
the words
that can light the fire
within
and bring me
the vision I need
to see through
the facade
and the mere
appearance of things
some nights pass
without me
finding the words
that light the fire
yet I find them
often enough
to keep me
on this journey
that I've undertaken
to light the fire
to write the lines
that rise up
from the hidden places
that my soul
is learning to find

- 1/20/2025

Looking up to
the night sky
reliving the dream
up where the comets fly
up where the stars
glow like rubies
what will it take
to find an answer
to it all
are we existing
in one reality
or are there others
perhaps as many
as there are mirrors
in a house of mirrors
are the flowers
in my garden
even real
or are they simply illusions
in someone else's daydream

- 1/22/2025

98.

The star of ice
shines above
the cold land
as the radios play
the music of the people
for the listeners
when the horizons
seem vast and cold
when they seem
to blend into
the season
the star of ice
is always
one of the brightest
to be seen up there
in the time of winter
across the snowy boundary
of a dream

- 1/23/2025

99.

Give me a new dream
to escape to
to live inside of
I have worn down
my current dream
I have made
too much of
a mess of things
in this one
to often I have
worked myself into a frenzy
I opened doors
and let the storms
get inside
when it wasn't necessary
I continued to insist
that I can learn
by making mistakes
because of my actions
my decisions
the tempest
have scattered everything
my current dream
has been
a portrait of chaos
I believed in my wisdom
that I actually did
possess some wisdom
yet this was not the case
and so I now need
a new dream
as you can
so clearly see

- 1/24/2025

100.

I have wandered
in this strange valley
since before noon
Tuesday of last
hopelessly going around
in circles it seems
every path
leads me back to
where I've already been
every path
brings me back before
the sunflowers
that have
already seen my face
already heard my voice
have already gazed
into my soul
and found me to be a man
who has mysteriously
stumbled into the land
of their eternal dreams

- 1/24/2025

101.

The night glows
with the mysterious ships
that sail
through our skies
on their journey
from a sea of time
they glow
with the light
of what is yet to be
an enchanting light
of future time
glowing up there
with the stars

- 1/24/2025

102.

The night birds
singing of Saturn
summer night
I open
the bedroom window
a cool breeze
a song of Saturn
finds my ears
the night birds
are singing it now
melody of planetary rings
such a melody
everybody knows it
the song
and the world with rings
by sight
by sound

- 1/25/2025

Artemis
was banging on
the front door
in a late hour
I did not
let her in
for I was fast asleep
dreaming of Ionia
fast asleep
deep within
a labyrinth of sleep
not even
the goddess herself
could find me
could wake me
from such a dream
only Aphrodite
could have done this
and just maybe
it is an uncertain thing
yet Aphrodite
with those eyes
of a sea at dawn
just maybe
only just maybe

- 1/25/2024

It is two hours
before the sunrise
and hardly anything stirs
out there
in the still dark world
the streets
hardly illuminated at all
only a faint and distant
sense of longing
sense of envy
sense of regret
drifts seemingly weightless
down the sidewalks
in only a mild breeze
when the sunrise
is not too far away
yet is still not seen
when each drop of dew
is creating
a microscopic Universe
as the sleeping sparrows
bring about
the conclusion
of their dreams
almost ready to awaken
and sing to the world
sing and sing
and sing and sing
of a new day
of a sky soon to be
bright and blue
with golden light
arising in the east

105.

I've been looking
for the eternal flower
in the desert
that will always exist
it was once
a lush oasis
a paradise
but too many
empty words
too many
broken promises
made it what it is
yet someday
truth and
the promise kept
may arise again
and so a single flower
exist out there
in the wasteland
a reminder
a prophecy
of what is yet to be

- 1/25/2025

The wondrous
 is out there
 yet there are many
 who would not see it
 who would prefer
 not to see it
 who imagine
 an imagined world
 where wonder is stifled
 by the suppression
 of the soul
 yet their time
 in control
 will not last forever
 for their control
 is imagined
 it is but a small
 isle of rock
 in a vast sea
 of the wondrous
 and the wondrous will rise
 and overtake it all someday

- 1/25/2025

107.

I've been waiting for
the stars to reveal
the mysterious
truth of it all
through the curtain's shadow
through the candlelight
mirrors and clocks
taking me down
the road of confusion
now why can we
still not see
what will
the computer algorithms
decree
what will the dystopia
look like
when it arrives
are we there already
is there anywhere
to hide
is the hour late
or is it early
in this reflection
will the night
remain the same
the same stars
the same constellations
of our ancient myths
will we always be enthralled
as we are now
by the passing comet
by the appearance
of a solar eclipse

- 1/25/2025

108.

I drove down
to the beach
this morning
it was cold
freezing
eighteen degrees
but a beautiful sunrise
all the same
orange ball
of bright
ancient fire
silvery-blue waves
the cold didn't detract
from any of this splendor
of sea and sky
walking along
the sandy beach
at Corson's Inlet
New Jersey
Saturday morning

- 1/25/2025

109.

It's been a month
since I've been
hiking out in the Pines
excuses.....excuses
but for real
it's just been too cold
at least for me
just more excuses
I'm not as young
as I once was
yet the days
are slipping by
all of those
sunrises I've missed
a new day's first light
just as it begins
appearing over the trees
it's a special kind
of sanctuary
for me out there
miles and miles
of ancient forest
surrounded by
modern civilization
surrounded by
the rest of the world
and all that it holds
within it
the good and the bad
the sane and the insane
the day to day grind
feeling like a mouse
trapped in a cage
just spinning the wheel
endlessly.... without purpose
but out there
in the Pines
that's all so far away
at least temporarily
excuses..... excuses
I'm thinking the winter
has just made me lazy

- 1/25/2025

When will
this blasted winter end
I keep asking myself this
mother nature
does not reply
I'm sick and tired
of it being cold
all the time
and yes....
I've obviously developed
some kind of fondness
for complaining about
current weather conditions
and other longterm
meteorological phenomenon
but they say
that's the way of things
once you start
getting older
and now here I am
out on my balcony
with coffee and cigarette
on a cold January morning
attempting to conjure
the arrival of spring
whether I'm doing this
consciously or subconsciously
that's between myself
and the neighbor's cat
down below
sitting there gazing up at me
giving me the look
of a medieval inquisitor

- 1/26/2025

111.

The beauty
of a tropical island
in a tropical sea
flashes into my mind
in an instant
I'm still here though
it's still wintertime
in New Jersey
perhaps the mind
is trying
to tell me something
perhaps the mind
is trying to escape
it's trying to collect
reasons to get there
to that tropical island
that you see
that one in a tropical sea
that's your island
my island
my dream island
calling to me
through the bleakness
of this mid-Atlantic winter
my mind..... subconsciously
it's trying to get things rolling
yet alas.... it simply
doesn't understand
the truer nature of things
yet I'll allow it
my subconscious mind that is
to keep on daydreaming
of a tropical island
in a tropical sea
I don't see any harm in it

- 1/26/2025

112.

What is waiting for us
in the frozen land
of the glowing orchid
a flower
rises above the ice
a place where the seasons
intermingle
blend
become something unique
wholly a work of art
from nature itself
as you see it there
if you allow yourself
to see it
a frozen land
and a glowing orchid
under the heavens

- 1/26/2025

I had been
drifting for years
like a bottle
tossed into the ocean
with a little
scribbled poem inside
tossed about
in storms
of the North Atlantic
and the world
kept on going by
things continued
as they always continued
yet I was drifting
in the sea
separated from
the cycles of the world
I had no news
of anything
nor did I wish for it
until one morning
in a radiant sunrise
I was washed onto
a beach in Ireland

- 1/26/2025

114.

I saw them out there
yesterday morning
at dawn
those birds of the ocean
those birds of the Atlantic
I went down to the beach
to catch Apollo's chariot
rising from
the silvery-blue
oceanic horizon
of ancient mythology
and mirage
freezing cold morning
late January
twenty twenty five
yet they were out there
dancing upon the waves
and the temperature
didn't seem to bother them
in the slightest
while I was
freezing my butt off
but I hung out
long enough
to catch Apollo
rise out of the sea
in true orange
fireball splendor
of an Olympian
the little sea birds
kept on dancing
upon the waves
despite the cold
and as light spread
across the sky
a new day was begun

- 1/26/2025

115.

The light is shining for us
we may find it
if not....
we will dance our dance
in the shadows
the wax of the candle
melts like Vesuvius was near
and in the evenings
during the cold of winter
we will look out of windows
towards the grassy fields
looking for fireflies
that are not out there

-1/27/2025

116.

I pictured an epic waterfall
hiking down the forest trail
yet there is nothing
like that here
this is mostly flat earth
you could probably
sail a galleon over the edge
I don't know why
I picture things
that are not even things here
I treat disappointment
as if they were seeds
I plant them
and leave them
to the rain and the bees

-1/27/2025

117.

Having believed
that it was too cold
to go down to the lake
I have missed
a sacred opportunity
to traverse another Universe
I have fallen in
with a crowd
of lazy harlequins
winter touched me
and transferred a cold nihilism
one more month
of ice and snow
until spring arrives
and then I will get going
down the trail
covered in pine needles
seeking the destiny of a sage
wandering as
the deer of the forest
look on in instinctive silence

- 1/27/2025

118.

And she looked
so lovely
as she was losing her mind
crying out
giving up on
the absurdity
of the world
as she walked along
a snow covered path
upon a snow covered mountain
in her eyes
there was beauty
of a blue sky
and white clouds
above a snow covered mountain

- 1/28/2024

Often we sing
as we drive across this land
that holds so much memory
we head to our places of employment
and there we either
find the light
or we lose the light
how it seems like
the cycle never ends
but it does eventually
and the sky looked
so colorful
this morning at sunrise
as if the last thousand years
were arriving holding candles
as if Byzantium
had arisen from the sea
along with multitudes
of shells that filled the beaches
it was such a radiance
that I do not see very often
as choirs were singing
and symphonies playing
across the radio dial
down here in this January
of the wintry earth
I will hold such memories
close to my heart
as we drive onward
across this land

- 1/28/2025

120.

I saw a lone hawk
soaring in the blue-grey sky
this morning
over a place
of melting snow
there was little wind
but there was some wind
the air was a little cold
but not as cold
as it was last week
the Moon was still up there
somewhere to the west
only it was hidden
by grey clouds
my coffee was still hot
but it was cooling
by the minute
the lone hawk
circled around a bit
and then moved on
heading north

- 1/28/2025

121.

Out on My Balcony: 1-29-2025

Just out on my balcony
having a smoke
looking up to the sky
the stars were out
and bright with cosmic fire
and those starships were out
those starships
were up there to
brightest of them all
metal and magic
from another world
and the government says
we don't see what we see
they say it's just swamp gas
or lovely Venus
making rounds up there
in the sky
but we see what we see
all across the land
the starships are out
up there shining
shining bright
though the government says
it's just swamp gas
floating through the night

- 1/29/2025

122.

The Sun has risen
and it brings the light
the blue morning sky
is only the first fathom
in the sea of eternity
let us go out there
into the world
and make a day of it
let's go and listen
for the whispers of the land
let us put our hands
in the soil and feel
the soul of the land once more
the Sun has risen this day
and it brings the light

- 1/30/2025

123.

I have emerged
from wandering
in a valley of fog
I have been doing
clandestine things with poetry
the rising Sun
is ever my witness
the birds take to the sky
with a freedom
I could never imagine
I can still see
a bit of moisture in the air
as if a cloud
was bringing the ocean to us
a little piece at a time
I would never allow
such a thing to hinder
my clandestine missions of poetry
once I go out
into the fields
and forest
with a notebook
there is no turning back
and tonight
the Moon will be full
glowing up in the sky
and I know I will remember
the lantern of Diogenes
that lantern that lit the way
in his search
for an honest soul

- 1/29/2025

124.

The Valley of the Alchemy Sun :

In The Valley of the Alchemy Sun
the brightest spot
in the southern end of this Piney land
the sunrise is a flowing stream
that radiant Sun over the Piney land
in that valley
in that Valley of the Alchemy Sun
I go wandering when
a new day's beginning
when the birds of the dawn
are singing
out there where the heavens
touch The Pines
where the magic of the ages
converge and align
I'll go wandering
I'll go wandering when
that sunshine fills the sky
floods my mind
pulls me back
to that dream of Zen
out there in The Valley
of the Alchemy Sun once again

- 1/30/2025

(poem about a favorite
spot of mine on the Batona Trail
in the Pine Barrens, New Jersey)

On some lonely nights
I have shattered windows
in glass houses
not for any real reason
but that the sound
sometimes carries
my unwanted thoughts away
and on some lonely nights
I walk out into
a dark forest
just to feel the silence engulf me
sometimes I hear
mysterious sounds
off in the distance
and I feel a strain of fear
sometimes then
I can feel within myself
the connection
to all living things
sometimes the darkness
of the night
flows through me like a river
then... on some bright mornings
I feel the attachment
to the many different people
I have been
in just this one lifetime

- 1/30/2025

126.

I once knew a princess
with a bunch of daggers
luckily I got away from her
but not before
taking a stab or two
sometimes it's insane
how the world works
and sometimes
it doesn't even work at all
the power is cut off to it
and it coast along
towards a brick wall
in Kansas City
or a steep hill
in San Francisco
and from there
out into the bay
towards Alcatraz Island

- 2/2/2025

Give me but one
feather of a dove
and I will close my eyes
and feel the sunrise
as it was on Earth
long before the corporations
as I gaze out of
my window now
this cold February morning
I behold the birds there
in the blue sky
the world seems
on a meteoric rise
towards confusion
new things are becoming things
too quickly
fewer and fewer
can perceive
the whispering voices
that sing out there
among the willows
the Sun still rises
radiance shines down
upon the meadows
the magic in the world
does not disappear
it only awaits the dawn
of a new beginning

- 2/2/2025

128.

The everlasting
song of the pinecone
it fills my waking dream
as I wander
through this life
bouncing off the walls
and tribulations
what can I see now
that I could not see before
in truth..... much more
waking up early
going out to a forest
or a beach
to watch the Sun rising
this brings you some wisdom
it goes in through the eyes
and finds a place
in your soul
the sunrise is a sacred time
and each sunrise is sacred
it's well worth
waking up early for
no matter how inconvenient
be an early bird
your worm is waiting

- 2/2/2025

2024-2025